I'm Still Here

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Hux decides it's time he went back to work, but Lee doesn't want him to be a pilot anymore.

Sequel to You're Not Alone.

They watched the Pride Parade from the balcony of Lee's wine bar.

It would be easy to get swamped by thoughts of previous Prides, where they had marched and laughed and kissed in the crowded streets below. But, as treasured as those memories were, for Lee nothing compared with having Hux back with him. He had been home almost a year now and things were getting slowly easier, especially once he'd fully healed physically. Or as healed as he would ever be.

"I didn't think I'd ever feel like this again," Hux muttered into the rim of his glass. He was looking over the scene, taking everything in. They were far enough from it that it wasn't too loud or oppressive, but it was still more than Hux was used to these days. When he ever did leave the house it tended to be quiet walks or quick grocery trips. Not bars, or events. "Never thought I'd feel at ease with so much noise going on. When I was all alone the silence was unbearable, but then when I came home everything was so loud."

He squeezed Lee's knee and gave him a fond smile.

Lee had been worried it might be too much, but he could see how Hux was relaxed and settled. As though simply not being overwhelmed by it made him all the calmer.

Hux had found the glass slippery and had to switch hands, but otherwise the day had been uneventful. Right handed, it had been automatic to use that one, still getting used to using his left. Although he was missing a few fingertips on both hands, the missing finger on his right hand caused occasional issues and he sometimes had a tremor. Lee knew Hux was mostly used to it now, but there were moments where he automatically reached for things and forgot his finger wasn't there.

But Lee didn't make a fuss or offer help, he knew Hux wanted to just get on with things. If they pretended everything was normal for long enough then one day it would be. Fake it until you make it.

"I think," Hux started, putting down his glass and turning his eyes from the Parade to Lee. "I want to work. I need to work again."

A shiver of fear washed over Lee.

He had loved having Hux home with him, where he could see him and make sure he was safe. But more than that, the idea of Hux ever getting in a plane again terrified him.

Hux must have seen that fear in his eyes because his face softened and he took Lee's hands in his.

"I can't fly anymore. Part of me wants to. Flying was my passion. But I don't trust the shake in my hands and the anxiety I feel at the thought of being alone again." Hux spoke calmly and it was clear this was something he'd been thinking about for a while.

"What would you like to do?" Lee asked. He wanted to be supportive and so bit his tongue when he wanted to suggest that Hux find a job working from home. He did suggest though, "You could do a few shifts at the bar, just to get back into the swing of working."

Hux huffed a laugh then held up his right hand with a slight tremor, "I don't think I should be trusted with carrying trays of drinks."

Lee smiled, warmed by the way Hux joked about the situation. Lee took his hand and kissed it before holding it in his lap.

"Okay, maybe not."

"I'll find something," Hux said with an encouraging smile. "I just wanted to tell you. Because I know you worry."

"I don't worry about you getting a job," Lee frowned. He made enough to keep them afloat and if they needed to they would just have to sell the house and downgrade to something smaller.

Hux smiled gently, “You worry about my safety.”

Lee knew he was being called out there for still working from home so much, wanting to keep an eye on him and make sure he was always safe.

Lee smiled sheepishly, “Maybe I’ve been a little overprotective.”

“And I’ve loved that. I’ve needed it.” Hux replied.

“But you need your space too.” Lee surmised.

“Not space,” Hux squeezed his hand, “An occupation. Something to keep me busy.”

Lee nodded. He understood the feeling all too well, and knew he had to support Hux even if he selfishly would rather he never leave the house again.

Lee smirked, unable to help himself. “I can keep you busy,”. He winked and Hux laughed.

They’d work something out. Together.

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Lee felt giddy, trying to restrain his laughter as he waited for the door to open.

Fuck, he was already hard, just thinking about Hux coming home. It had been a long three weeks and Lee had missed Hux desperately.

When the door turned in the lock, Lee’s breath hitched and then erupted into a giggle as he waited. He had thought about opening the door, but didn’t want to give the neighbours an eyeful. So instead he stood in the doorway to the living room, seductively leaning against the frame, completely naked but for one of Hux’s pilot hats.

Hux spotted him right away, dropping his duffel to the floor with narrowed eyes and a grunt, before turning and closing the door behind him.

He was still facing the door when he growled, “I’ve told you before, do not mess with my uniform.”

The words sent a thrill of excitement through Lee, who now was absolutely fully hard.

He was grinning, his heart pounding, when Hux turned to look at him with a glare. Lee couldn’t help the laughter bubble up as Hux shrugged out of his jacket.

But then Hux didn’t hang it, he simply let it fall to the floor and he took off towards Lee.

Lee practically squealed and turned to run into the living room. But he wasn’t even half way across by the time Hux was on him, grabbing his arm and pulling him around until their chests met with a thud.

“What have I told you?” Hux growled.

“Don’t mess with your uniform,” Lee tried to stifle his grin as he replied. And then, taunting, he continued, “But I look so cute!”

With an exasperated grunt, Hux sat heavily on the sofa, taking Lee with him and immediately positioning him over his knees.

Before Lee even knew what was happening, Hux’s hand slapped down onto his bare ass. The surprise of it made Lee jolt forward, and he released a low moan at the friction of his cock against Hux’s firm thigh. Hux’s own very interested member was starting to dig into his side.

“Do.”

Smack.

“Not.”

Smack.

“Mess.”

Smack.

“With.”

Smack.

“My.”

Smack.

“Uniform.”

Smack.

Lee rocked forward with every slap, pleasure and pain inseparable as he went pliant across Hux’s lap as he began to smooth a gentle hand over his ass.

Hux’s fingers delved into his crack, finding the buttplug Lee was wearing. He let out a low hum of interest and then began to slowly pull it out.

The anticipation was almost killing Lee, his cock so hard now that it was almost painful. He could already feel his balls getting tight. And then-

With a sudden motion, Hux pushed the plug all the way back in, filling Lee to the hilt.

And Lee came.

The graze over his prostate was all it had taken for him to completely cream himself against Hux’s thigh, and previously clean pants.

Hux began to laugh and took the hat from Lee’s head, placing it on his own.

“Well, that was embarrassing.” Lee chuckled all the same.

“Don’t worry, we have time before I have to leave again.” Hux grinned, pulling Lee up from his lap, not caring about the mess as he kissed him.

“Hmm, yes.” Lee agreed as they settled against each other, hands roaming.

Lee had no idea then, that Hux’s wouldn’t make it home.

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It had started with a newspaper article. A human interest piece on Arctic Survivor Huxley Overgård.

A friend of Lee’s knew someone who knew someone and they had told them the whole story of Hux being lost in the Arctic but finally finding his way home to the love of his life.

The phone had rang and the next thing they knew, Hux was being interviewed. Then the phone rang again and someone who had read the article wanted to interview Hux on a local television station. And then the phone rang again.

It all felt like a blur now, going from that first interview to being offered a book deal and tour. That had been hard on them both. Hux got on well with his ghost writer, so that part worked out. But it took a while to build up to being away from home again and in the end Lee had accompanied him on the tour.

Hux went from internalising so much of his experience to getting it all out, first on the page and then in Q&A sessions on the tour. There was this edge of fear that he held within him since he’d come home from the arctic, and every time he spoke about his survival it seemed to lessen. Balanced out with therapy, it felt as though some of the emotional and mental scars were finally starting to heal.

But Lee wasn’t quite sure how it had all got to this point. Everything just kept piling further and further on until they were looking forward to the well earned rest after the tour. But the phone rang again.

Hux had still been unsure what he wanted to do as work, but this had all happened and now it seemed to be going somewhere and he embraced it.

That was how he ended up being away for six weeks shooting up in Canada on a show for the History Channel. It was about survival skills and Hux was one of six experts that would have a regular segment, commenting on the content of that particular episode. One of the other experts had survived at sea for several weeks, and the others were all trained in various outdoors skills such as hunting and trapping, or making shelters out of tree bark. The usual fair for this sort of reality TV.

At first Lee had worried. He’d wanted to go with him, but it wasn’t a good time with the bar and Hux had made it clear that he needed to start doing things alone. All the same, Lee was relieved when Hux decided to drive the 15 hours to Toronto rather than fly.

And soon he would be home.

Lee could barely contain himself as he paced around the lounge. Hux had set off the day before and broke his journey in a motel so he could get home before dark. But as each minute ticked by Lee grew more agitated. He remembered times in the past, waiting for Hux to come home. Wearing something silly or just laying naked on the bed. It had pretty much become tradition that they reunited with a good fuck. But Lee found himself struggling to care about that now.

He needed him. He *needed* Huxley so much that it was painful being away from him. They had managed it those years before the Arctic, when Hux had flown all over the country, but looking back that now seemed like torture.

When the key turned in the lock, all that washed away. All there was only Lee and Hux.

Hux had barely made it through the door when Lee crashed into him, their mouths pressed together in a hungry kiss as Hux's back hit the now closed door.

He was stronger again now, solid, and took Lee's weight into his arms as though he was nothing. And that felt so good.

Lee wanted Hux no matter what, but the healthier he grew the more relief Lee felt. He'd seen too many friends waste away with cancer. To see the love of his life grow strong again after his own ordeal filled him with a warmth he couldn't put words to.

"I've missed you." Lee muttered against Hux's mouth and then swallowed Hux's responding moan.

They kissed long and hard and yes, years ago they would have ripped each other's clothes off and landed on the couch, fucked senseless before they even spoke another word.

But they were older now, and one way or another the years had taken their toll. Not just physically but emotionally. Lee didn't want to simply devour Hux, hard and fast, as he would have in the past. He wanted to savour him, knowing he was there and his.

Breathless, Lee pulled back. "Bedroom?"

Hux nodded and they started up the stairs. A slow pace, not the usual rush. Hand in hand, thumbs stroking over each other.

When they got to the bed they lay down side by side, facing each other. Lee's hand went to rest on Hux's hip whilst Hux gently stroked the side of Lee's face. They drank each other in.

"I've missed you." Lee said. "I was worried you might not come back."

"I always come back," Hux said softly, smiling.

"I know. I just worry. I think I always will." Lee replied, a lump in his throat. He let out a sigh then and smiled. "Did you have a nice time?"

“It was… interesting. It feels strange, I’m not an expert. I never trained-”

Lee chuckled and shook his head against the pillow. “Trained? How does anyone train in survival. Baby, you survived. That makes you an expert. Never doubt yourself. You’re even an expert at surviving me.”

Lee joked but his emotions were obvious.

Hux looked at him then with such affection that it felt like his heart would swell out of his chest.

They leaned together, their lips meeting softly.

“I’m still here,” Hux muttered against Lee’s mouth. “No matter what. I’ll always come home to you.”

Lee smiled into the kiss knowing that no matter how far apart they were and no matter for how long, they would always find their way back to each other.

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